

THE
CHILD'S FRIEND.

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NO. 2.

THE MELANCHOLY BOY.

A FRIEND once related to me the following anecdote of a child.

I knew, he said, a little boy, who was one of the best little fellows that ever lived. He was gentle and kind to his companions, obedient to his parents, good to all. His home was in a small country village, but he was very fond of wandering into the neighboring fields, when his tasks were all over. There, if he saw a young bird that had fallen to the ground before it could fly, he would pick it up gently, and put it back in its nest. I have often seen him step aside, lest he should tread on an ant-hill, and thus destroy the industrious little creatures' habitation. If a child smaller than he, was carrying a heavy bundle or basket, he would always offer to help him. Was any one hurt, or unhappy, Harry was quick to give his aid and his sympathy. He was ever ready to defend the weak, and he feared not the strong. Did any one say a harsh word to Harry, he gave him a kind one in

return. I have known him to carry more than half his breakfast to a little lame boy whose mother was poorer than his own. He was brave and true; he would confess his own faults, he would hide those of others. Harry had a thirst for knowledge. He got all his lessons well at school, and he stood high in his class. But what he was particularly remarkable for, was his love of all beautiful things, and most especially of wild flowers. He would make wreaths of them and give them to his mother, and he was very fond of putting one on my study table, when he could contrive to place it there without my seeing him. Harry knew all the green nooks where the houstonia was to be found in the early spring, and it was he that ever brought me the beautiful gentian that opens its fringed petals in the middle of the chilly October day. On Sunday, and on all holidays, Harry always had a flower or a bit of green in the button-hole of his jacket. Every sunny window in his mother's house had an old useless teapot or broken pitcher in it, containing one of Harry's plants, whose bright blossoms hid its defects and infirmities. He also loved music passionately; he whistled so sweetly that it was a delight to hear him. Yet there was something in his notes that always went to your heart and made you sad, they were so mournful.

Often in the summer time, Harry would go, toward evening, into the fields, and lie down in the long grass; and there he would look straight up into the clear deep blue sky, and whistle such plaintive tunes, that beautiful as they were, it made your heart ache to hear them. You could not see him, and it seemed as if it was the song of a spirit you were listening to.

Alas! Harry was not happy; God's glorious world was all around him; his soul was tuned to the harmony

of heaven, and yet his young heart ached, and tears, bitter, scalding tears, often ran down his smooth, round cheek, and then he would run and hide his head in his mother's lap, that blessed home for a troubled spirit.

One day, I discovered the cause of Harry's melancholy. I was returning from a walk, and saw him at a little brook that ran behind my house, washing his face and hands vehemently, and rubbing them very hard. I then remembered that I had often seen him there doing the same thing. "It seems to me, Harry," I said, "that your face and hands are clean now; and why do you rub your face so violently?"—"I am trying," he said, "to wash away this color; I can never be happy till I get rid of this color; and if I wash me a great deal, will it not come off at last? The boys will not play with me; they do not love me because I am of this color; they are all white. Why, if God is good, did he not make me white?" And he wept bitterly. "Poor dear little boy!" I said, and took him in my arms and pressed him to my heart! "God is good; it is man that is cruel."

The little fellow was soothed and strengthened by my sympathy, and the counsel I gave him. Not long after this it was May-day, and all the children of the village went out into the fields to gather flowers, to dress themselves for a little dance they were to have in the evening. Every boy and girl in the village except Harry was of the party. They set off early in the morning, and they ran gaily over hills and meadows, and hunted busily for flowers; but the spring had been cold and they could not find many. They were returning home wearied and rather chilled, and disheartened, when they saw Harry coming out of the woods with a large bunch of flowers in

his hand. One of the boys called out to him, "Well, nigger, where did you get all your flowers?" Harry went on and made no answer. "Come, stop, darky," said the hard hearted boy, "stop, and let's have your flowers, here's three cents for them." "I don't wish to sell them," said Harry, "they are all for my mother." "A nigger carry flowers to his mother! that's a good one; come boys, and let's take them from him, they are as much our flowers as his, he has gathered more than his share," and he approached Harry to seize his flowers.

"For shame Tom, for shame!" cried out many of the children, and one of the larger boys came forward and stood by Harry. "Touch him if you dare," he said to his brutal enemy, "You have got to knock me down first." The cruel boy, who was of course a coward, fell back, and some of the little children gathered round Harry to look at his flowers.—"Don't mind that naughty boy, Harry," said one little girl, and slid her little hand into his. Harry's anger was always conquered by one word of kindness. "Where did you get all your flowers?" they asked. "I will show you," replied Harry, "if you will follow me." They all shouted, "Let's go, let's go, show us the way, Harry," and off they set, after Harry.

Harry ran like a quail through bush and briar, and over rocks and stone walls, till he came to a hill covered with a wood. "On the other side of this hill," said Harry, "we shall find them," and in a very few minutes they were all there. There, they saw a warm sunny hollow, and through it ran a little brook, and all around were massy rocks and pretty nooks, and there were the birds singing as if they would split their throats, and there were cowslips, and anemones, and houstonias, and violets, and

all in great profusion. The boy who had insulted Harry hung back ashamed Harry quietly ; said to him, " Here, under this little tree is a beautiful bed of violets, and there are anemones." Harry tasted of the pleasure of doing good for evil. The boy who had defended him, walked by his side, and talked kindly to him. " How good it was in you to show us the flowers," said the little girl who had taken his hand, and whose apron Harry had filled with flowers. How happy now was poor Harry.

All the children gathered as many flowers as they desired. Some carried home only perishable earthly flowers in their hands that morning—others, besides these, carried immortal flowers in their hearts. The village children went to their dance and were very happy. Harry spent the rest of the day and the evening, in his mother's cottage, alone with her, and amused himself with making wreaths of his flowers. But he said he had never passed so happy a May-day. A loving heart, like Una's beauty, " can make a sunshine in a shady place."

E. L. F.

TRUTH AND FABLE.

THERE is in fable the history of a mountain upon whose top there grew a tree, every leaf of which sang like so many birds, filling the air with delicious music ; there was beside this tree a lake, whose waters sparkled like gold ; if you took any of it in the hollow of your hand, it seemed as if you held liquid sunshine ; then there was a bird who could understand all you said to it, and in return could talk to you like a friend ; from his

high mountain he could see very far off, and thus observe what was going on, and learn a great deal that was thought to be secret; in this way, he became possessed of much knowledge. Now the fame of this wonderful mountain with the singing tree, the golden water, and the talking bird got spread abroad; every one was desirous to climb to its top and possess these wonders, for it was said that this might be done; but there was a something about this mountain which made its ascent so difficult that while many attempted it, none had as yet succeeded in reaching its summit. It seems that these wonders were so precious that they were guarded by invisible spirits, who would not allow any one to possess them who was not willing to make great efforts to obtain them. Many were so enchanted at the thought of gaining such treasures, that they began the undertaking unprepared for the trials that belonged to it, and after they had gone a little way became so discouraged that they gave it up in despair.

There was, however, one family, two brothers and a sister, who in spite of all the dangers of the expedition, were determined to attempt it. This determination was owing to a visit they received from one who urged them strongly to do so. It was while they were showing this person the beautiful house they lived in, carrying her into all the apartments, and talking much about their comforts and luxuries, and how happily they lived together, surrounded as they were with all the beauties of the country, that she said, "Yes, I see you have a great deal to enjoy; your house and all around you is beautiful, but there is wanting the golden water, the talking bird, and the singing tree: these you must have." There was something so impressive in her

manner of saying this, that they were all convinced that these treasures would bring them greater happiness than any they had yet experienced, and when this idea had taken possession of their minds, they could not give it up. After they had talked much upon the subject, it was decided that the eldest brother should set off in search of the golden water, the talking bird, and the singing tree. His sister felt very sad at parting with him, for she feared that he, like many others, would not return; but he consoled her by assuring her that he should; it however proved otherwise; the time came for his return, but he did not appear; the brother and sister were much afflicted, and it was decided that the other brother should follow, in the hope of learning what had befallen him. The sister was now left alone, anxiously waiting with every day the return of all she best loved on earth; but again she was disappointed, and now she had to mourn the loss of both her brothers. This almost distracted her with grief, and made her wish she had never thought of the mountain and its treasures. But let us see what she did in her solitude; did she give herself up entirely to grief? No, she said to herself, "My brothers have sacrificed their lives for this great good; I will also do the same, if it is necessary; I will, though I am but a woman, set off myself in pursuit of these treasures; perhaps I shall be more fortunate than they; at least, I shall know the fate of my brothers." As soon as she had made this resolution, her heart became stronger. As she knew she might have many dangers to encounter, she armed herself as a knight, and, dressed like a man, she mounted a fine spirited horse, and set off on her journey. On her way to the mountain, she was attacked by some unknown enemy, but her courage gave her strength to

brave all danger, and she conquered her foe. After this adventure she met with nothing more till she reached the mountain. She found there, seated under an arbor, a venerable old man, who gave her many lessons, warning her that it was a fearful undertaking, and advising her not to attempt it. He told her she would have her ears assailed by dreadful noises; that she would be surrounded by unseen enemies, and that if she turned back after attempting to go up, she would be changed into a stone, as all those had been, who had gone before her. She now knew what had become of her brothers, and this made her more determined to face all dangers and make the attempt. She thanked the old man for his advice, and said, "These threatening sounds that you speak of, will not hurt me if I am not frightened at them; give me some cotton wool to put in my ears, then they will not sound so harshly to me; so, good father, give me your blessing and let me depart." He smiled kindly upon her, and she left him. She then turned her horse, and soon began to ascend the mountain. Her thoughts were so fixed upon her brothers that the dreadful sounds which seemed to be coming from all parts of the mountain, disturbed her but little; her heart was full of courage and hope, and she went on fearlessly, not heeding the dreadful threats that assailed her at every step; soon she began to perceive that the voices were not so loud, nor so numerous; with her eye fixed upon the summit of the mountain, she went on, till she began to feel quite peaceful, and at last there were no discordant sounds, and soon she gained the top. What a glorious prospect was now before her?—and here she was with the singing tree, the golden water, and the talking bird. The talking bird immediately spoke to her, and

said he knew why she had climbed the mountain, that he would be her friend and answer any questions she would put to him. She then took him from the tree where he was hanging in a cage, and told him she had lost her two brothers who had left her to obtain him, and the golden water, and the singing tree, and then asked what she should do to get these treasures into her own possession.

The bird told her to fill the phial which she had in her bosom, with the water that was close by, and to cut a twig from the tree which hung over it, and then he added, when you get home pour the water into the marble basin in the garden, and plant the twig near to it; the phial of water will fill the great basin, and the little twig will start into a great tree, as you see it here. But, she said in reply to this, oh! my poor brothers, they will not be there to enjoy it with me. The bird said, do not be sorrowful, they too shall be there—this golden water has power to bring life from the stones. As you go down the mountain, you must sprinkle some of this precious water upon the stones that you will find near its base, and they will be changed back into men, which they once were.

And now this good sister was full of joy; she set off with her dear companion, the bird, and when they had nearly reached the foot of the mountain, she saw a black stone: she sprinkled it with the water, and her eldest brother stood before her. She then sprinkled the next stone, and her other brother stood at her side, and she thus went on sprinkling all the stones, till they all became men again, and soon she was surrounded with a large company. They all formed a procession and escorted their generous and courageous deliverer to her home, singing songs of joy on their way. Again, in her beloved home, she asked counsel of her bird and attended to all

he said. She poured the remains of her phial into the basin ; the few drops spread out, and filled it to overflowing with golden water, from the midst of which rose up a beautiful fountain that descended in golden rain, sprinkling everything with its bright yellow drops. The twig also started into life, and a graceful tree stood in its place, and sang with its thousand tongues, a joyful song. The bird was hung in the great hall, where his voice could be always heard by his kind mistress, who was guided by him in all she did.

This is the story in the fable ; but this fable, like all fables, has in it a great truth. Let us see if we cannot gather something from it, that will make it a true story.

It seems this sister and her brother were very happy in their beautiful place, but many things might occur to disturb and break up their happiness, as we see was the case when the two brothers did not return to their sister. We will suppose that the person who visited this family, loved them so much that she wished them to have pleasures that would not fail, and therefore advised them to seek for these treasures. We will suppose that by the golden water, the singing tree, and the talking bird, are meant those treasures in the mind, which all may have who are willing to make the right effort for them ; that the mountain may be our bad passions, our self love, which we must tread under our feet, before we can gain them. From this fearful mountain proceed horrid sounds, reproachful words, and threats coming from wrong feelings, and evil dispositions in the human heart, where only love and kindness should dwell. Those who do not try to overcome them, or who give up after the first or second, or third, or thousandth effort, may well be turned into stone, for they have not that true life which fits them to

live beyond the present hour. All have something to surmount, something to overcome, in order to gain what is most valuable in life. As soon as we are truly anxious to get these desirable things, we shall be willing to suffer much to obtain them, and then shall we have that something within us, which, like the voice of the bird, shall speak in audible words, encouraging our virtue, and showing us how to become still better and still wiser. When we have succeeded through much trial in climbing over the evil, which our own wrong doing, and that of others, has placed in our path, then, every tree and bush will sing to us, and our good conscience will be the talking bird, to tell us of all that we have done, and all that we must do; it shall hang in that invisible chamber of the soul where all our actions have tongues. The singing tree shall be the merry heart, out of which springs up joy from the smallest thing, and the golden water which brought the stones to life again, shall be words of love and forgiveness, and deeds of charity, which can carry to others, hope and joy, and life, where there was nothing but despair and sorrow, and deadly fear, and become a beautiful fountain, forever springing up and casting upon all that is around it, golden moments of happiness.

When we are surrounded by all that makes life desirable to the outward eye, and think that we want nothing more, let us listen to that adviser which says, "Arise and let us seek for those treasures which are on that height which opens heaven to our view."

S. C. C.

LET us learn to relish the sweetness with which the gospel cherishes every latent beauty of the soul.

C. FOLLEN.

CAROLINE'S LETTER TO HER SISTER.

[NO. III.]

MY DEAR MELANIE :—I am very happy to night, and I must allow my joy to overflow in a letter to you, dearest Melanie. I always want to write you, when I am very sad, or very glad. Last week Mr. Elmore, our good teacher, told us that the large garden at the back of the school building was to be divided into equal portions, and that each scholar who chose could cultivate a portion, and raise just what he or she should fancy. Then he said the scholars might appoint a committee from their own number, to advise with the pupils respecting desirable plants and flowers, and the best mode of cultivating those they should choose. A committee of four was chosen. Mr. Elmore and his good sister were two of the committee. The grounds were then regularly laid out into beautiful beds of different forms. There are squares, triangles, circles, crescents, &c. Fred and I have taken each a square to-day; we have decided what we will raise; besides these squares, we have each taken a circle in the portion of the garden allotted to flowers. In the middle of my circle I am to have——what do you guess? “a peony?” no——“a dahlia?” no,—the nicest damask rose bush you ever saw!—dear Sarah Cram gave it to me. It bears a very full rose of a delicate pink color, and is very fragrant. A walk nicely gravelled is to lead four ways from the centre to the circumference of my flower bed, dividing it just like a pie cut in quarters. Around the edge I am to have the variegated double pink. When I study botany I shall tell you the botanical names of all my flowers. I have already four varieties of pink that are

very sweet and beautiful. The double clove pink is the finest flower I have. The single clove is sweet and pretty, so are the sweetwilliams, but the variegated pink is so very fruitful and fragrant that I prize it highly. I have several varieties of roses. I am to have also camomile and southernwood, and some other flowers. But I admit none but fragrant flowers into my little parterre. I remember Mrs. Jones' front yard, and take warning. She was pleased to have flowers, but *such* flowers. There were poppies and sunflowers, marigolds and hollyhocks, and a few ragged chrysanthemums; but not one really beautiful or fragrant flower. And then they looked as if the seeds were sown in a whirlwind, in plenty, and all came up. Why will people raise poppies and marigolds, and all ugly and scentless flowers, when roses and pinks, beauty and fragrance are so cheap? Sister mine, I wish you would tell me why people have so many ugly things around them, when they could as well have pretty things. Why are there so few pretty houses, and front yards, and gardens? Why is everybody's farm so irregularly laid out, with such disagreeable fences, and out-buildings? I believe if men would take the advice of little girls, the world would grow pretty. I do so love beautiful things, dear Melanie, that I am out of patience with the world. I mean our world of New England, for I have never yet seen any other. Now I am sure we shall have a beautiful garden here, all made by children. I hope it will be as handsome as Mr. Elmore's own.

But I must not forget the *useful*, as people call those things they can *eat* and *wear*. Though Mr. Elmore says our kitchen garden is not of so high use as our flower garden. He says he is "sick of hearing of the useful—of utility

&c. as if nothing were of use only those things that directly feed and clothe, whilst those things that minister to our love for the beautiful, that make us feel that there is a music for the eye, that beguile us from the roughnesses of the earth and make us to forget that there are hard things to be done and borne, are called *ornamental* and condemned." Well I have written down what he said, but I only know that the good God made the sweet and beautiful flowers, and I love them, and I love Him for making them.

In my vegetable garden, I shall have radishes, and peas, and beans, and asparagus, and strawberries. I shall easily raise the radishes and strawberries, because I can weed them as well as any one. Fred says he will hoe my peas and beans, but Miss Elmore says I will soon learn to do it myself, very nicely. She says girls are no greater fools than boys. Now I am very well and strong, and if I have as much sense as Fred, why can't I learn to hoe my garden and keep it as well as he can his?

Last year the pupils had their beds in Mr. Elmore's garden, and they kept them so nicely that he determined to give them more ground and freedom this year. Sarah Cram insists on my beautifying my kitchen garden with sweet peas, and to please her I shall have some, for she is a dear girl, and we help each other a great deal. We do our work together, and it seems so light and pleasant, that we sometimes say we have no work, only play.

And now, dear Melanie, good night—may you dream of the flowers, and be as happy as your own

CAROLINE.

THE LOST CHILD.

[The following history of Fanchette may seem extremely exaggerated, and we are ready to exclaim that an atrocious action, like that of abandoning a poor child, could not take place in this country. But the researches and disclosures of that apostle of humanity, *Miss Dix*, have revealed to us worse abuses with regard to idiots and the insane in our country, than we find in the following narrative, which is founded upon fact, although the conclusion of the narrative has been somewhat changed.]

LETTER FROM A COUNTRY CORRESPONDENT,

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

You ask me, my dear godmother, about our Hospital, and wish to learn from me the fate of that poor lost child, that *foundling*, whose history you have heard so much exaggerated, as you imagine, in the relation of others. Alas ! it can hardly be exaggerated. I will tell you simply the whole truth. Last March, about the time of planting, a young girl about fifteen years old, extremely pretty, but clothed in the garb of misery, was found, as if she had fallen from the skies, near one of the fields just out of the village. She had been wandering about there for three days, and no one had taken any notice of her, the poor creature ! No one could tell who she was, nor from whence she came ; and she, the poor *innocent*, had no tongue to tell her tale of misery. It seemed that her mother, who had not the means of giving her bread, had never been able even to teach her to ask for it ; for God had not blessed her with the faculty of speech, nor given her the sense to enable her to know how to express her wants. She had no more reason than my hedging-

bill—no more knowledge than a young kid; she was deaf as a stone, and could not articulate a sensible word. But she was happy—she did not remember the sorrows of yesterday, and she had no anxiety or care for the morrow. She was not wicked; she had never done any harm, and poor idiot, she could do no good. The present political economy is, to disembarass the earth of such useless subjects. It is not mine. I should have too much to do. This poor girl had a right to live. She had a right to clothes, food, and shelter, and to the cares and sympathy that would alleviate her unspeakable misfortunes. If public institutions have not the means to provide and take care of idiots and those bereft of sense, they must fall upon the hands of us poor men; for we cannot let them die at our doors. But *we* have great trouble to make both ends meet, and some of us cannot even do that; and if we can only keep in the midst of the kind charities of home, our own old, sick and infirm, without calling upon the parish to aid us, we think we are rich.

My wife, who, you know, has an excellent and generous heart, told me that she could not bear to see this poor *innocent** suffering, and if the parish did not provide for her, she would herself take her in among our own children—She Jaquette! who is already burthened with so many children! But she said she would thin the soupe maigre still more for her own children, to enable her to share it with the poor dumb orphan. “Wait

* Although Fanchette is called an *innocent* the name given to idiots, she does not appear to have been an idiot, but simply deaf and dumb. An idiot could not have been susceptible of the strong affection that Fanchette manifested for all who treated her with kindness.

a little," I said ; " who knows what may be done ?"—
" Ah ! wait a little," she answered, " and God knows what may happen to a poor forlorn girl of fifteen years old, who has not sense enough to know her right hand from her left."

I went immediately to seek the little one, when I found that a young physician of the hospital had passed by, and seen her in the midst of a troop of rude boys who were driving her about and tormenting her to make her speak, at which the poor innocent could only weep, and utter quarters of words, as unintelligible as the bleating of a lamb. The worthy young physician was touched with pity ; he inquired about her history and took her to the hospital.

You will think the good sisters were glad to receive, to soothe, and cherish this motherless child. Not at all—they answered, " A foundling must belong to somebody—It was not their business to take care of lost children—We have nothing to do in this world but to *pray* and to take care of the sick." In short, they refused to take the child. " She is too stupid," they said ; " too abandoned ; she will be too much trouble ; *we* have nothing to do with idiots ; *we* do not open our doors to vagabonds. Do you take the hospital for a mad-house ? Is it a depot for beggars ?" The young physician however insisted ; he gave the poor child a certificate of ill health, and Fanchette, for thus they called her, was received at the hospital, notwithstanding all the members were against her admission.

But she soon made friends among the lower inmates. Who so ready as poor Fanchette to perform all menial offices, to do every work of kindness and good will that her poor intellect would allow. She was gentle and

sweet, and loved all the little girls who were sent as pupils to the nuns, and was never so happy as when permitted to play with them. These children soon loved her goodness, pitied her misfortunes, and would not allow her to be tormented. When she was dressed in the plaited robe of a novice, and had on her head the little plain white cap, she looked so pretty that it was a pleasure to see her. She herself was as grand as a queen; and when they took her to the mass, she opened her large blue vacant eyes with astonishment and delight. She found it so charming that she would have willingly remained there all day, and without thinking of food or rest, would have wished the mass never to end.* I know not whether there is any law which forbade them to devote this poor creature to the good God, but if this had been an abuse, there are many worse in the world, and perhaps even in the cloister. The only certain thing is, that they did not wish to keep her. They wrote to the mayor, and the mayor allowed them a small sum from the fund appropriated to the support of the insane, for the maintenance of Fanchette. She was therefore sent to one of those women who for a small compensation take in and give bread to poor and destitute orphans.

But poor Fanchette could not comprehend that it was her duty to stay there—indeed she could comprehend nothing of her duty or destiny. She had not been with the woman an hour before she put on her little cap, and ran back again to the convent to find the little girls who

* Perhaps our young protestant readers may need to be reminded that the *mass* in catholic countries is an imposing ceremony; the altar is dressed with flowers and lighted with many candles, while perfumes in the form of incense are burnt; all conspiring to charm the senses of a poor ignorant girl.

had been kind to her, the good nuns, and the *beautiful mass*, that had so charmed her senses. The next morning she was sent back to the woman, and before evening she was knocking again at the gate of the convent. They tried it again ; three, four, perhaps more times ; it was all in vain, it was lost trouble ; poor Fanchette would cling to the convent while others fled from it.

"Alas !" said the superior, "what shall we do with this child—she troubles and wearies us out ?" "True," said another, "but it is a very simple thing ; she is evidently a child that some one wished to lose, they cared not where, perhaps at the gate of the convent. It was a stupid present that we could have well dispensed with." "It was indeed a roguish trick," said one of the sisters. "Ah, well," answered the strongest head amongst them, "she was a present to us, let us make a present of her to some one else. Let us leave her where we found her." "Amen," said all the good sisters, and it was agreed upon.

"Fanchette," they said the next day, "would you not like to go to mass ?" Fanchette jumped with joy ; she loved nothing like the mass. "Put on your Sunday bonnet and your best robe. Margarete and Catharine will go with you." Who so happy as poor Fanchette !—the day was beautiful, and she saw all the people abroad in the street. When they came to the place where they were to meet the driver of the wagon, Catharine and Margarete said they could go no further, but that Fanchette should go to mass in the wagon. "And will you not say adieu to your friend Margarete ? Say farewell to Catherine." Fanchette, who was delighted with every thing, made sign with head and hand, alas ! she could not speak ; but she was going to the grand mass, de-

lighted to wear her Sunday bonnet, and above all to go to the mass in a carriage.

"It is very droll," said Thomas Duroy, the conductor of the wagon, who had received poor Fanchette, "it is very droll that they gave me fifty sous yesterday to lose a dog, and to-day I have received a hundred sous to lose a poor child. If one half of the village wished to lose the other half, I should make a fortune."

Thomas Duroy, faithful to his instructions, stopped about nightfall in a solitary place upon the public road.

"Fanchette," he said, "descend! we have come to the church; you will soon see the priests coming by, and they will take you to the mass. Fanchette, with trusting confidence descended from the wagon. She had come to pray to the good God! she had come, as she believed, to the mass. Duroy whipped his horses and left the poor imbecile of fifteen years old, upon the high road, in the midst of darkness, without a sou to pay for shelter, with eyes to weep, but without a tongue to ask for help.

What had been the fate of poor Fanchette if God had not been more merciful than man!—if, as has been said by a beautiful genius, He had not "tempered the wind to the shorn lamb," and protected the innocence of a being who could not protect herself, for she knew not good from evil!

What, you will ask, was the fate of poor Fanchette, left as she was at the close of the day, upon a solitary road, without speech to ask for help, or reason to reveal her tale of misery. She wandered about for many days from cottage to cottage, always thinking, in her innocent trustfulness, that she should find the *beautiful mass* she had come to see, for she could not comprehend the cruel deception that had been practised upon her, and ignorant

as she was of evil, and with her poor infirm intellect, she trusted in the goodness of men, as well as in the goodness of God. Thus she wandered from cottage to cottage ; a small loaf of bread was given her in one, a draught of milk in another ; and when they could give her nothing else, they allowed her to lie down upon the straw and sleep till morning. Poor Fanchette ! she was always weeping because she had lost her dear companions, and always hoping to find them again, and the priests, and the mass.

You will recollect that our neighborhood is a pastoral country, and that the proprietors feed large flocks of sheep. Fanchette was therefore soon employed by the farmers to tend and take care of the sheep. She passed whole days in the pastures, tending these innocent creatures, and soon became like a lamb among them. The gentle, timid, innocent creatures ! She formed friendships with them, and like them, unconscious of evil, she would kiss the hand raised to smite her.

But in our village it soon began to be asked, "What had become of Fanchette ?" Her innocent face and her little white cap, were missed in the cottages of the poor, for there her misfortunes had excited the most pity. Whispers began to become louder, and to say, that some evil had been done, although no one dared to reproach the sisters of the hospital. Thomas Duroy, the conductor of the wagon was questioned. At first he denied all knowledge of Fanchette, but when the young physician threatened to carry him before the magistrate, he confessed that he had left a poor girl at a solitary place on the road just at night-fall, telling her that the priests would soon come by and pick her up—and I hope they did, said Thomas, for I had rather lose a dog than a poor girl, although I was paid twice as much for the latter."

"Ah!" said Jaquette, my wife, "did I not tell you that some evil would happen to the poor innocent? My heart yearns to her, as if she were one of my seven, or rather my eighth child. I cannot sleep in my warm bed till she is found." And my poor Jaquette would give me no peace till I harnessed the old mare to the cart and set off in pursuit of Fanchette. I went to many of the cottages before I could hear of her. At length I heard that she was at one of the herdsmen's pastures, watching the sheep.

I soon found her in one of the hill pastures, sitting upon the ground, the old sheep dog lying at her side, with his head resting in her lap, and the lambs feeding around her.

Poor Fanchette, she was sadly changed—her fair skin by exposure to the sun and to the pitiless storms, had become tanned almost as dark as my own hard hands—her pretty white cap was gone, and her best wardrobe hung in rags about her. When I drew near, the dog started up, and began to growl as if to protect Fanchette from an enemy; and I could not but in my heart thank the good God, who had thus given a senseless heart to poor Fanchette as her protector, when abandoned by the inhumanity of man. Fanchette, at first seemed unwilling to leave her lambs, and that faithful dog, who, although dumb, like herself, had been her truest friend; but when I told her I would take her to the beautiful mass, and to the little girls she loved so much, faithful to her first impressions, she was almost wild with joy.

I took her, just as she was, without cap or bonnet, into my wagon, and that same night the poor child, who had rested since she was lost, only in the damp straw, was sleeping quietly among Jaquette's seven children.

A little crowded indeed, we are; and sometimes we

scarcely know where to get food for so many mouths ;— but Jaquette, as she said, thins the soup, and when bread is too dear, we supply their wants with potatoes ; and Fanchette is so good, so gentle, and so willing to be helpful, that we now wonder how we could ever have lived without her.

E. L.

THE TWO WAYS.

FROM KRUMACHER.

THE teacher of a village in the country near the Rhine, once stood in his school teaching ; and the boys and girls of the village sat round him and listened eagerly, for his teaching was interesting and friendly. He was speaking of a good and an evil conscience, and of the whisperings of the heart.

When he had done speaking, he said to his scholars :

“ Who of you can make a comparison of this ? ”

Then a boy got up and said : “ I could tell of something to compare it with, but I do not know whether it would be a right one ? ”

“ Tell me in your own way,” answered the teacher, and the boy began :—

“ I compare the peace of a good conscience, and the uneasiness of a bad one, to two paths which I once travelled. When the hostile troops marched through our village, they took away my dear father by force, and carried off our horse. As father did not come back again, mother and all of us cried and lamented, and she sent me to the town to find out about father. I went, and returned late in the night, with troubled heart, for I had not found my father. It was a dark autumn night. The wind

roared and howled in the oaks and fir-trees, and among the rocks, and the night ravens and owls were screaming. But my mind was full of the thought that we had lost our dear father, of how my mother would grieve when I came home without him. I shuddered terribly at the darkness of the night, and every leaf that rustled frightened me. Then I thought to myself, thus it must be that a man feels who goes along with a bad conscience."

"Children," said the teacher, "would you like to be wandering in such a dark night seeking your father in vain, and when only the voice of the storm and the screams of the birds of prey were to be heard?"

"Oh, no!" cried the children all at once, and they shuddered.

Then the boy went on with his story, and said:

"Another time I was going the same way with my sister, and we had brought all sorts of pretty things from the town for a secret festival, which our mother's father was preparing for the next day. We returned also late in the evening. But it was in the month of March, and the heavens were clear and beautiful, and every thing was still and quiet, so that we could hear the spring flowing and rippling by the way-side, and the nightingales were singing in the bushes around us. We walked along hand in hand, and were so happy that we could hardly speak. Then our dear father came out to meet us too. Now I thought again to myself, thus it must be in the mind of the man who has done a great deal of good."

Thus said the boy. Then the teacher looked kindly on the children, and they all said with one accord—

"Yes, we will also be good."

J. E. C.

WHAT ARE THINGS MADE OF?

THE SALTS.

IN my last I told you of the oxides, and other *ides*, and the acids. Mix now an acid with one of the other kind, an oxide or a chloride or a bromide, and you have a substance of another important class—a *salt*. Thus the medicine Glaubers Salt, is sulphuric acid and soda or oxide of sodium. It is called sulphate of soda; and the names of this class of substance, end in *ate*, just as the others ended in *ide* and *uret*. You can see how convenient it is, thus to have a method in forming names; for in this way we can tell by their endings, or sometimes by their beginnings of what kind different substances are. Of these salts, the most important are those formed from the *oxides*. I cannot undertake to tell you of them all, and many are unimportant, and unknown except to the chemist. I shall only mention some of the most common and important.

The most common acids that form salts, are the sulphuric, carbonic, nitric, and phosphoric. You can tell from their names, what they are made of besides oxygen. The most common oxides that unite with them to form the other part of the salt, are the earths alumina, potassa, soda, magnesia, lime, barytes, and the oxides of iron, zinc, copper, and mercury. And now I will tell you of some of the salts they make.

Carbonic acid and lime make carbonate of lime, and this is limestone, marble, and chalk, for they are all the same—one of the most important rocks, which some-

times forms whole mountains. You remember that lime was an oxide ; limestone you see is a salt, and this explains the object of burning limestone, as I suppose you know they do, to make lime. It is to drive off the carbonic acid, and then the oxide is left, and is what we call quick-lime, of which we make plaster and mortar. Sulphuric acid and lime, or sulphate of lime, is gypsum, alabaster, and plaster of paris, which are all the same stone. Phosphoric acid and lime, or phosphate of lime, is the substance of which our bones are chiefly composed.

Sulphate of potassa and alumina together is alum.—Nitrate of potassa is saltpetre. Carbonate of potassa is potash, pearlash, and saleratus. Carbonate of soda is barilla. Potash is chiefly obtained from the ashes of land plants, and barilla from that of sea-weed, and this is not the only salt the stems and leaves of plants contain.

These are few of the principal salts. I will give you no more examples of them now, because I shall have occasion to speak of them again. But two of them, potash and soda, belong to a class of substances called *alkalies*, and of those I must say a little, because alkali is a common word. These alkalies are substances distinguished by a peculiar taste, and when they are strong, by corroding or eating all kinds of animal substances, as you would find if you got potash on your fingers. Mixed with oil or fat they form soaps ; hence their importance. The best way to tell whether a substance is an alkali, is to drop some of it into water colored with purple cabbage. If it is an alkali, it will change the purple to green ; if it is an acid, it will change it to red. The most important of them are potash and soda, which are salts, and *ammonia*—a

substance you have not yet heard of. You remember that nitrogen and oxygen made air, and hydrogen and oxygen, water; now nitrogen and hydrogen make ammonia. You know it by the name of hartshorn or sal-volatile, in smelling bottles. You can easily make it by mixing a little sal-ammoniac, a kind of salt that contains ammonia, though it does not smell, with a little slacked lime. You will immediately perceive the strong pungent smell. This is a good example of chemical attraction. The ammonia at first is mixed with chloric acid in the salt, and there stays very quiet; but the chloric acid loves lime better than ammonia; so it deserts ammonia, and joins the lime when it gets near it and forms a new salt, chlorate of lime; and ammonia thus deserted, and being a gas, must fly off into the air, and then you perceive it. There are also a number of vegetable substances that are alkaline, peruvian bark for instance.

And now I have picked out of the great volume of chemistry some of the simplest and most important elements. In these elements, and in the oxides and acids, and salts, you have the materials of all that wonderful variety of things you see about you. Dull dry facts enough, you will say, I have been telling you, and dull dry things are these salts and earths. True, they are—I will not deny it; but if you will study farther in the great book, by and by you will find their importance, for I have tried to choose from among the important ones such as may help to make a foundation to build your knowledge upon. The most beautiful house has a foundation down in the dark rough ugly stones. So do not be discouraged if I should give you still more salts and earths.

But let us think a little now of this beautiful house that is built up of them, this earth I mean with all its gay and

brilliant shows. Is it not a cunning worker that moulds up these dead matters, here into a brilliant diamond, there into a beautiful flower, and there into a beautiful tree ? Here he fixes the firm granite mountain towering into the skies, there he spreads out the ocean of water moving with every wind, and all formed from these self-same elements. Every where beautiful forms and colors. Over these dry bones of things that we are prying a little into, he has spread a veil of beauty, that this may not be a dark and cheerless prison to us, but a home we may live happy in.

Of the great powers that do all this work, that build up this wonderful earth, and are all the time at work in all the changes going on upon it, we can learn much if we will diligently and carefully study them, though what we know is nothing to what we cannot understand. And what we learn is as curious and beautiful as the things we learn about. Everywhere we find *law* governing all that goes on ; nowhere chance and accident. Of one of these great powers that we know a little of, that which leads the little particles of matter to seek each other out, and unite together in just such ways as here to form a brilliant stone, there a dull dead earth, here the air we breathe, there a gas, and there a salt,—of this power I have said a little. And there are others at work as wonderful and curious as this. I shall soon tell you a little of heat and electricity, two invisible agents that are everywhere in action about us. And when I have quite done with my earths and stones, perhaps I will speak of life and living things, and what we know of the wonderful ways in which their growth goes on.

But it is only a little that I can say of any of these great matters. I only choose a little of the simplest

knowledge, and give it in the simplest way. But if it will lead you afterwards to study farther, you will never find an end to the knowledge to be gained, and I think the more you learn, the more your interest will grow.

Next time I shall tell you of some of the many minerals formed of the earths and salts I have been talking of, and perhaps of the curious phenomenon of crystallization.

W. P. A.

LINES WRITTEN AT MIDNIGHT.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF A. G. EBERHARD.

THE sun in smiles doth dress his face,
As evening comes to take his place :
So looks the parting loved-one, when
He means soon to return again.

With moon and stars all sparkling bright,
Advances now the silent night ;
And with the calm and gentle moon,
Sweet peace doth quietly come on.

Who at the moon and stars can gaze
Without a gush of love and praise ?
And now it is the midnight hour,
And sleep asserts her soothing power.

But see, the flickering light is gone,
That from my neighbor's window shone :
His simple household prayer is said,
He rests from toil, on his hard bed.

Yet still the watchman wakes, and still
Faithful till morning, watch he will;
But vain, O Watchman! is thy care,
If God the Guardian be not there.

By my dull lamp, whose light's near gone,
In my small room I sit alone,
And thinking o'er past joys and pain,
A sweet contentment doth remain.

He's still my trust, He the true Shepherd never
Will forsake his sheep—He watcheth ever;
The mother may forget her child, but yet,
Thus saith the Lord, Thee I will not forget.

So I lie down in peace, trusting in Thee;
Thy faithful eye still watcheth me;
And He who ever wakes and lives,
To loving hearts, no night e'er gives.

E. L. F.

MR. PRIM.

My heart is moved for that tall, straight, stiff old fellow, Mr. Prim, who always looks so lonely, standing on one of the landing-places of the stair-way of the old fashioned house. His heart is always beating very audibly, and yet so dull and insensible, or so sublimely and serenely indifferent is he to all that goes on in the house, that nothing ever occasions it to beat quicker or slower. He has quite a jolly round face, yet something misanthropic; he appears to be standing aloof and alone, enjoying nothing but his own cogitations from morning till night, and from night till morning. I will even take the liberty to stop and listen to one of his soliloquies, that I may know

if he is as self-satisfied and dogmatical as he looks to be. "Is there a prime mover, ask ye? there is, and I am he. As I move, so moves the household, and indeed, all nature; am I not the great first cause? Must not every thing cease to exist if time go not on? and could time go on without me? If there were no six o'clock, how could the sun arise?—no seven o'clock, where would be the breakfast?—no nine o'clock, when would school begin? no two o'clock, where would be the dinner?—no seven o'clock again, where the supper?—no ten o'clock, how could bed time arrive? But here I stand and direct all things. I have but to cause six o'clock, and to announce that it is come, and immediately the obedient sun peeps in at the entry window, which stands opposite me, (else I should not see it, for I deign not to turn my head to see anything.) I announce seven, and immediately the breakfast bell rings—nine, and away the children run to school—two, and the dinner bell rings, or if not, I am sure to see the cook with a pan of fire and fright, looking up to me, and exclaiming, 'mercy on me!' But I am unchangeable; two o'clock it is, and prayers are of no avail. Seven, I again repeat, and the tea bell rings—ten, and the family retires to rest, and I am left to conduct the night hours, and again call up the sun, which, by the by, is getting rather indolent of late—yes, Phebus lies, I find, every morning, a few minutes behind the hour; he gets into this habit every autumn, nor am I able to arouse him from it till spring returns; this must be seen to, he must spur on his steeds—let me see, I think I must"——. What is the matter, is his heart broken? Yes—it throbs no more. Poor old fellow, where is his little page, on whom he is more dependant than is anything else upon him.

A. A. G.

A PARABLE.

ON a bright morning there set out from a certain city, a family of children. They were going, as they say in fairy tales, to seek their fortunes. As they went out, their father's words were, "Be diligent and faithful. In due time my messenger will come for you, for you are not always to remain absent ; therefore, send home a portion of your treasures, and a mansion shall be building for you, so that when you return, be it sooner or later, you shall find a place prepared for you. I have given you your several portions, make the best use of them you can." So these children turned away and walked a little while together, until they came to the parting of the ways ; and although they loved each other, it seemed best to separate. Believing that they should soon meet, and live always together in their own happy home, there were no tears in their eyes, but looking cheerfully on one another, they passed such kind and simple words as children are wont to, and went their several ways. Years rolled away—and these children, grown to be men and women, now toiled and labored. In city and country, over wide seas, the works of their hands were spread. All the earth, it would seem, was dotted over with their fine houses and rich estates. Some, indeed, seemed to amass little treasure, living poorly and being meanly clad. One would suppose that they who had much, would gladly have given to those who had little, considering they all came out from the same home, and all were again going thither. Some *were* kind and good, but many, the most, indeed, seemed to forget their brotherhood. As the freshness and beauty of childhood passed away, and their faces and forms grew old and care-worn, their *hearts* seemed to

grow old and feeble also ; and the memory of their relationship waxed fainter and fainter ; and at last they walked on the same road as strangers. The palace of the rich brother, and the hovel of the poor one, stood side by side. One among those rich ones, forgot he was to be called home ; and busied himself both day and night, burdened soul and body to heap up things beautiful to look at and possess. And day after day, year after year rolled on, and no treasure was sent home for the building of that house there. Once in a while, as he might hear of a brother's departure, he would say within himself, "I must begin soon to send materials for the building of my house at home." But alas, he *never* found time ! His father sent when he little expected, and as the messenger said in his ear, "Come with me," his face paled, and his heart struggled in utter terror. "So soon ! so soon !" said he, "I cannot go now. What will my father say to me ! I have scarce thought of him, or home. I have nothing there, not even a garment—and my riches I cannot take. I shall be a poor and wretched outcast !" And so, in tears and anguish, the wretched man started on his journey. Another went differently. He, too, had many treasures. But knowing that he was not always to remain there, and could not take away with him any of his gold and silver, his hand and heart were ever found open to the poor and needy. "What," he would say, "are these riches for, but to buy comfort for all of us ?" He remembered his home in that other land, and daily he sent there richest treasures. Yet like the widow's cruse of oil, they wasted not, nor failed. When the messenger came to *him*, he looked calmly and seriously in his face, saying, "Has my father sent so soon for me ? But why should I not go now ? It is the best time, because it is *his* time. Many who have set out with me have gone

before me. I shall find as many there as here to love me." And bidding farewell to his friends he went his way. There was yet another, and *he* was very poor. It had so chanced that he must decide at once, whether he would have his treasures where he lived, or send them home. He had wavered awhile, for it seemed to him a sad thing to be poor, and worse, to hear those he loved in want. And he knew that many men would look coldly on him in his poverty, though some would esteem him all the more, because he was wise and strong enough to make himself poor, rather than do wrong. It was curious to see how each day he sent away riches, yet remained poor. But his father was lavishing a father's love indeed, in preparations for him at home. Costly and beautiful was the mansion being built for him. In time, the messenger came to *him* also. "At last, at last, I shall go home," said he. "It has sometimes been a hard way-faring here; and, but that I heard often from my father, and knew that he loved me, this probation would have been a weary one." As a child's eyes sparkle when it starts for home at the school vacation, so, did this poor man's joy make his face to shine. He seemed a new creature.

But not all the poor had treasures at home. Some were idle, wayward and complaining; and had no wealth in either land. By and by, *all* were called home, and other children came to fill their places.

What means the parable? God is the Father, who sends his children out into the world, giving them faculties of mind to use and improve. Here, in this life, is the time and place to work. Each one must do his work for himself—another cannot do it for him. While living here, he must live for Heaven; while building here, he must build on high also.

MORNING HYMN.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

ALMIGHTY One ! I raise
To Thee my opening eye ;
Thanks be to Thee, and praise
And prayer ascend on high !

O Lord ! great is thy grace ,
Thou turnest not away
From any heartfelt praise,
But hearest it alway !

That not the sleep of death
Our light of life can keep ;
That free I drew my breath,
Refreshed by quiet sleep,

For this I thank Thy power,
And Thy paternal love ;
I see this morning hour,
And joyful look above.

Protector of my soul !
Gladly I trust to Thee ;
Not what myself would choose—
Thy will, be done to me !

Give, what may do me good,
And should I weakly fear,
Let this thought be my strength,
That Thou art ever near !

Bless, Lord, the friends I love,
For thy own mercy's sake ;
And if the weary mourn,
Their sorrows from them take !

Thou lov'st mankind to bless :
O hasten to relieve ;
Let all their sufferings cease ;
My earnest prayer receive !

HONEYCOMB.

BEEs sometimes in the winter eat up every bit of honey, and leave the waxen comb clean and white. Did you ever see such honeycomb? To-day I have been looking at some, and I will tell you about it. But what I say will be too hard, I am afraid, for little children to understand.

The cells in a honeycomb are six-sided and very regular. Now three or four or six-sided cells would, either of them, fit nicely together. But six-sided ones are much the strongest and best. Do the bees know this? Why then do they make them six-sided? There are two sets of cells in a honeycomb, and the bottoms of one set are against the bottoms of the other. But the floor of each cell is over part of these cells in the other set, and is thus strengthened by three partition walls beneath it. Did the bees think of this? Why then do they build them so?

The floor of each cell is not flat, but is made of three flat pieces, and so the bottom of the cell runs to a point. Now if this point were either sharper than it is, or blunter, it would take more wax to build the cell. Perhaps you ask me how I know. How do you think I know? It was calculated by a Scotch mathematician, but it is so hard a question that I don't believe there are twelve men in the United States that could sit down and calculate just how blunt the point should be, so as to use least wax. Yet the bees make the cells just right. Do bees understand more mathematics than some professors of mathematics in colleges?

Children, God makes the bee and teaches her to work. Mathematicians may be wise, but God is wiser than all men. The insect, taught by Him, makes the wisest wonder at her work.

E. N. P.